

Independent of sectarian or partisan attachment, free to criticize, condemn, or approve, any and all measures that may come up for discussion.

It is intended to make the **SHELBY SENTINEL** a first-class Family Newspaper, independent of sect or party, devoted to General News, Literature, and Morality. Appreciating the necessity for a Superior Newspaper in this part of Kentucky, we will bend every effort to make the **SHELBY SENTINEL** acceptable to all classes. To those who have a dispassionate, patriotic, and a well-considered opinion, we naturally expect the assistance and co-operation of the people of Shelby. While the local interests of this section, will not be neglected, we will aim to advance the general prosperity of the State.

The general interests and welfare of the county can in no better way be advanced than through the medium of a newspaper.

Inviting our attention to all topics of the day, we will treat independently and impartially. To prevent any misapprehension as to the position which the **SHELBY SENTINEL** will occupy, we will state that our approval and support will be given to a mild and conciliatory policy, condemning all radical, revolutionary or unjust measures. Believing that this is the only course which will result in permanent prosperity to the country and that these views are such as the people of Kentucky naturally and heartily endorse, we shall uphold and defend them at all times. Firm in the opinion that we can make our paper acceptable, we ask a liberal patronage.

27. Announcements of Marriages and Deaths published gratis.

27. Marriages, Births, Deaths, etc., will be charged fifty cents for each line—the money to accompany the manuscript.

27. Advertisements for the "Special Notice" head will be charged 50 cents per line, additional to the above rates.

27. All transient advertisements, and all advertisements from a distance, must be paid for in advance.

27. Yearly advertisements have the privilege of altering their advertisements quarterly. More frequent changes must be contracted for, otherwise they will be charged 20 cents per square for each change. Collection will be made quarterly.

27. Advertisements inserted in editorial or local columns only at the rate of 10 cents per line, and will be charged not less than 20 cents per line.

**JOB-WORK OF ALL KINDS**  
Executed to order, neatly, and on reasonable terms.

**REMOVAL.**  
**THORNTON & ROGERS**  
HAVE REMOVED TO  
No. 120 Fourth St., bet. Market and Jefferson, West side.

WE have just opened the Store we now occupy, and are ready to exhibit to our friends the best stock of  
**Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Veils, Handkerchiefs, Hoop Skirts, Bodice Skirts,**  
—AND—  
**FANCY GOODS GENERALLY,**

East. We have ever shown them, just selected in the East. To our friends in Shelby we say, "Don't forget to visit us!"  
Oct 3-21. **THORNTON & ROGERS.**

**BLACKISTON & FISBACK**  
DEALERS IN

**BOOTS & SHOES.**  
GROCERIES, DRUGS, PAINTS, HARDWARE AND FANCY ARTICLES.

RETURN thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to them, and by their fair dealing and reasonable prices, hope still to merit and receive a full share of public patronage.

They would call especial attention to their full stock of **BOOTS AND SHOES**, which have been selected with much care, and with long experience in business they flatter themselves to be able to offer the very best goods. Be sure to call and examine our stock before buying elsewhere.  
Oct 3-21. **BLACKISTON & FISBACK.**

**MR. & MRS. S. R. OLDRIVE.**  
**MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT,**  
OPPOSITE BANK OF ASHLAND,  
Shelbyville, Ky.

WE respectfully invite the attention of the ladies of Shelbyville and vicinity to our New Stock of  
**FALL GOODS.**  
Consisting of all the latest styles of **LADIES' HATS, BONNETS, FEATHERS, FUR, &c.**

Ordered Work, Promptly Attended to.  
Oct 3-21.

**THE PLACE TO GET YOUR MONEY BACK!**

CALL AT JOHN F. CHINN'S, MERCHANT TAILOR'S SHOP, and examine his New Stock of Cloths, Cassimers and Vestings of the latest styles, and of superior quality. Also the BEST QUALITY OF ESQUIMAUX HEAVY OVERCOATING.

J. F. C. proposes to sell all his goods at the very lowest prices. All of his work is executed in the best order, and latest style of fashion. Cutting done by an experienced cutter.

Stand on the North side of Main street, opposite the old Redding Hotel.  
Oct 3-21.

**Arrival and Departure of Mails.**

LOUISVILLE AND FRANKFORT MAILS arrive at 10 o'clock A. M. and 6:30 P. M. daily. Closes at 6 A. M. and 6 P. M.

MIDDLETON, SIMPSONVILLE AND DONALD RUN Mails arrive at 11:30 A. M. daily. Closes at 1 P. M.

CLAYVILLE, GRAEFENBURG AND BRIDGEPORT Mails arrive at 11:30 A. M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Closes at 1 o'clock P. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

**THE FREE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH**

REV. STUART ROBINSON, EDITOR.

TERMS, One Year in Advance, \$3.00. JOS. V. MORTON, Agent, Shelbyville, Ky.

1867. 1867. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Subscriptions received for the above books by Cnas. W. CURRIE at the Post Office, Nov. 2-11.

**NOTICE.**  
TO all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that my firm, Jones in Shelby county, Ky., on the waters of Bullfinch, is posted, and all parties who are hereby warned not to trespass thereon by hunting, &c.  
Nov. 14-1m.

**REMOVAL.**  
MISSISS BLACK has removed to their residence on Main Street, opposite Rev. J. W. Freeman's a few doors below the Christian Church, and are prepared to attend to Fashionable DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING, in all its branches.  
Oct 31-1m.

# The Shelby Sentinel.

JOHN T. HEARN, Editor and Manager. Devoted to General News, Literature and Morality. \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. VOL. I. SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 21, 1866. NO. 25.

## Business Cards.

**Attorneys.**

**MIDDLETON & STANLEY,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

**WILL PRACTICE IN THE APPELLATE**  
Court, Courts of Shelby and adjoining Counties,  
June 13, 1866—5m.

**T. B. & J. B. COCHRAN,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**  
NO 14 Center Street  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

**WILL CONTINUE TO PRACTICE IN THE**  
SHELBY Circuit Court—in partnership with  
C. M. HARWOOD. June 6, 1866.

**BULLOCK & DAVIS,**  
**Attorneys at Law,**  
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

**WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF**  
Shelby, Henry, Oldham and Spencer  
Counties. June 6, 1866.

**FRASIER'S CARPENTER**  
**Attorneys at Law.**  
Shelbyville Ky.,  
June 6, 1866.

**JOHN D. HARRINGTON,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
Louisville, Ky.  
OFFICE:—No. 27 COURT PLACE. Oct. 24.

**C. M. HARWOOD,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

**WILL PRACTICE IN SHELBY AND AD-**  
JOINING COUNTIES and the Court of Ap-  
peals. June 6, 1866.

**WM. J. DAVIS, JOHN T. HARRINGTON,**  
Late of South Carolina, Late of Shelbyville,  
**DAVIS & HARRINGTON,**  
**Attorneys at Law,**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

**WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE STATE COURTS AT LOUISVILLE**  
and the Circuit Courts of Shelby and Spencer  
counties. Special attention will also be given to the  
collection of debts throughout the State of Kentucky  
and the Southern States. Their extensive business  
acquaintance throughout the South afford unusual facili-  
ties for the collection of all claims.  
OFFICE:—North-east corner of Eighth and Main,  
Second National Bank Building.  
Nov. 2-2m.

**Physicians.**

**MEDICAL CARD.**

**DR. JAMES LOWRY,**  
SHELBYVILLE, KY.

Office at Thomasson House. Oct. 3, 1866.

**DENTAL NOTICE.**

**DR. G. J. STIVER'S,**  
**DENTAL OFFICE.**  
No. 23 Main St.,  
Shelbyville, Ky.

June 26, 1866.

**Educational.**

**Science Hill**

**FEMALE ACADEMY.**

THE EIGHTY-FOURTH SESSION  
of this institution will open on **Mon-**  
day Sept. 3d, 1866. Applications for  
admission should be early and definite.  
For Circulars and prospectus apply to  
MRS. JULIA A. TEVIS, Principal.  
June 20, 1866—1m.

**MULDOON, BULLETT & CO.,**

**ITALIAN MARBLE WORKS,**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

As the country is filled with agents who are selling a  
very inferior quality of marble, we would respect-  
fully inform the citizens of Shelby that it will be to  
their advantage to call upon us. Our workshops are  
located in Carrara, Italy, and we have unequalled ad-  
vantages for supplying the most superior article of  
Italian Marble.  
OFFICE AND SALESROOMS:—106 Green  
Street.  
Oct. 24.

**C. R. DANIEL, FRED. E. WALKER,**  
Late with Jefferson & Co. Late with W. H. Walker & Co.

**DANIEL & WALKER,**  
(SUCCESSORS TO JEFFERSON & CO.)

**GROCERIES, PRODUCE**

**LIQUOR DEALERS.**

No. 44, South-east Corner Market and Brook Sts.,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Cash paid or Groceries exchanged for Bacon, Lard,  
Rags, Fat and Country Produce generally. Mer-  
chandise sold on Commission at lowest rates.  
Nov. 2-3m.

**E. CHOATE, S. RYAN.**

**CHOATE & RYAN.**

**Carpenters & Builders.**

WE invite the public to give us a call, everything  
in our line attended to with promptness and dis-  
patch. We are also carrying on  
**WAGON MAKING BUSINESS,**  
at the stand formerly occupied by Jas. Hickman,  
67 All work done at reasonable prices.—C8  
June 6, 1866.

**A. ROTHCHILD,**  
MAIN STREET, SHELBYVILLE, KY.

**DEALER IN AND KEEPS CONSTANTLY**  
on hand a complete assortment of **BOOTS** and  
**SHOES**, English and Custom-made, **CLOTHING**  
**HATS** and **CAFS.**  
Satisfaction can be given in goods and prices. Cal-  
l and examine before purchasing.  
June 13, 1866—5m.

## Selected Poetry.

**DIXIE.**  
BY FANNIE DOWLING.

Created by a nation's gloom,  
With grief and song and revelry,  
We sang it in our early pride  
Throughout our Southern borders wide.

While from ten thousand throats rang out  
A promise in one glorious shout  
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well the promise was redeemed  
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed  
Victorious—the crest of Mars—  
The banner of the Stars and Bars!

The cannon law our warriors loosed—  
We fill the ranks and onward go  
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie!—Oh, how blest  
Are those who early went to rest,  
Nor know the future's awful store,  
But deemed the cause they fought for sure

As heaven itself, and so laid down  
The cross of earth for glory's crown  
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie—harder part!  
To stay the hand—to stand the part;  
To seal the lips, to endure the past—  
To have no future—all o'ercast—  
To knit life's broken threads again,  
And keep her men's pure from stain—  
This is to live for Dixie.

Beloved land! beloved Song,  
Your thrilling power shall last as long—  
Enshrine'd within each Southern soul—  
As Time's eternal age shall.

Made holier by the test of years—  
Baptized with our country's tears—  
God and the right for Dixie!

## Capital Story.

**THE MISER'S STORY.**

"By the grace of God I am what I am!"

"I was born in New York. I remember  
nothing but poverty—stalking crime and  
absolute want. The houses where I lived  
were all in various stages of filth and de-  
cay. Whether the old blind-eyed man who  
kicked and commanded me was my father,  
I never knew. Whether the woman who  
sometimes fed and often beat me was my  
mother I cannot say. All I know is, that  
I had a miserable, drag-along life of it,  
going round after cold victuals—knocking  
smaller boys down to get the contents of  
their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in  
the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good-looking  
boy; they call me good-looking now, for  
an old man. I know I was smart, compar-  
ing myself with children as I see them.  
Of course I was like the rest of my class.  
I could fight a little and swear a little,  
steal a little and eat a good deal—that is,  
when I got the chance, which was seldom.

I was ignorant—didn't know one letter  
from another, and didn't want to. What  
did I care about education—I, who never  
saw a book from one year's end to another?  
And love—gratitude—hope—I could, of  
course, understand neither. Nobody loved  
me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody  
had ever made me grateful—had never held  
out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one  
day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle  
of straw, and involuntarily the words came  
from my lips: "I am going to do something  
to-day." What that something was I had  
not the remotest idea, but I put on my  
apologies for clothes, and sallied out in  
my vagabond way, whistling, caring for  
nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet  
tasted a mouthful of food. I was hungry,  
and skulked about grocery shops, hoping  
I could get an opportunity to take an ap-  
ple, or something that would stay my ap-  
petite, till I felt in the humor for begging.  
Passing around the corner of a public  
street, I saw a genteel-looking man, stand-  
ing at his horse's head, gazing about him,  
somewhat perplexed.

"Boy," he cried, "won't you take care  
of my horse for half an hour?"  
"Yes, sir," said I.

I think it was the first time I ever put  
on the "silk."

"There's a man!" he exclaimed. "I've  
got considerable fruit here, and you must  
guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches  
for you; just stand here quietly—I guess  
nobody'll disturb you."

He went away, and I stood for a while,  
till I was tired. Then, thinks I, "I'll get  
a haul of the fruit and run. But for the  
first time I felt an instinct of shame at the  
suggestion. "He trusted me—he saw I  
was a mean-looking fellow, too; but he  
trusted me, and I won't abuse his kindness."

Something like reasoning ran in my head,  
and I squatted down close to the curbstone,  
feeling the importance of an honorable  
trust. I had never felt such a thing be-  
fore. Presently some of my fellows came  
along and hailed me—I told them to go on.  
They peered about the cart, and saw the  
sunny faces of the peaches.

"We'll have some of them," they said.  
"No, you won't," says I. "I'm put in  
charge here, and I won't see the first thing  
stolen."

With that they began a rumpus. They  
reached over the cart. I struck them, and  
used such efforts that they all came pell-  
mell upon me, and we fought till the blood  
came—but I vanquished them. Just then  
out came the proprietor.

"What's the matter?" says he.  
"Oh, nothing, only I had to fight for  
your stuff there, sir."

"You did, eh? You've got a black eye  
for it."

"No matter," says I. "I meant them  
boys shouldn't steal a peach, and they  
didn't, neither."

"Well, you've got good luck, my boy;  
here's a dollar for you, but don't swear."  
My eyes stood out.

"A whole dollar?" says I.

"Yes, do what you please with it, but  
I'd advise you to buy a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," says I, with a beating  
heart. "It pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me  
several questions, and ended by taking me  
home with him in his wagon.

Home I thought I was in heaven, albeit  
I had seldom heard of such a place. My  
heart beat heavily every time I dared to  
put my feet upon those rich carpets. The

mirrors were something new to me.  
The next day there came a man to see  
me. I was washed clean, and had on a  
good suit of clothes. Says he:

"Youngster, I'm going to where you  
live, and probably I shall make a bargain  
with your people. I want a boy—just  
such a bold, clever boy as you are, and if  
you behave yourself, I promise you that  
you shall have as pleasant a home as you  
desire."

Well, that was good, I hardly dared to  
speak, to breathe, for fear of breaking the  
illusion. I never was so happy clear through  
as I was that day. They gave me light  
tasks to do—I wished they were more im-  
portant.

From that day I was treated as one of  
the household. The man was a widower  
and had no children, consequently I be-  
came to him as a son. He educated me  
handsomely, and when I was twenty-one  
he died and left me seventeen thousand  
dollars.

Well, I considered myself a rich man,  
I gloated over my wealth; it became as an  
idol to me. How to increase it was now  
my first desire. I consulted competent  
men, and under their counsel I put my  
money out at interest—bought stocks and  
mortgages. I grew wealthier; my business  
(my benefactor had stocked me a fancy  
store) prospered, and I was in a fair way  
I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning! the most artless,  
winning maiden in all the world to me.  
I loved her deeply, dearly. She was blue-  
eyed, auburn-haired—her disposition was  
that of an angel, and I had plighted my  
vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of  
a prosperous merchant, and there I met  
a siren in the person of his niece, a black-  
eyed girl, whose charms and whose fortune  
were equally splendid. She was an heiress  
in her own right—she was beautiful and  
accomplished. Heaven! what a voice was  
here—pure, clear, sweet, ravishing. I was  
charmed, and she was pleased with me.

Alas! I met her too often. In her pres-  
ence I forgot my gentle Lucy; she mag-  
netized, thrilled me. It was a triumph to  
feel that so beautiful, gifted, and wealthy  
a woman loved me—me, who had been  
brought up in the purlieus of a city—who  
had known misery and corruption all the  
first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with  
Lucy. I received no token from her—she  
was too proud. But that cheek grew pale,  
that heavenly eye languid, and though I  
seldom met her, I knew in my heart that  
she was suffering, and branded myself a  
villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I  
was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me  
a letter, a touching letter—not one word  
of upbraiding, not one regret! Oh, what  
a noble soul I wounded! And she could  
calmly wish me joy, though the effort made  
her heart bleed—I knew it did.

I tried, however, to forget her, but I  
could not. Even at my magnificent wed-  
ding, when my bride stood before me ra-  
diant in rich fabrics and glittering dia-  
monds, the white face of poor Lucy glided  
in between, and made my heart throb guiltily.

Oh, how rich I grew! Year after year I  
added to my gold. My miserly disposition  
began to manifest itself soon after my mar-  
riage. I carried my gold first to banks,  
and then to my own safes. I put constraint  
on my wife—for very generously she had  
made over her whole fortune to me—and  
began to grumble of expenses. I made  
our living so frugal that she remonstrated,  
and finally ran up large bills where and  
when she pleased. Against this I protest-  
ed, and we had open quarrels more than  
once. My cloths grew shabby; I could  
not afford to buy new ones, although the  
interest of my investments was more than  
I could possibly spend for rational living.

I grew finally dissatisfied with every-  
thing but my money. I neglected my  
wife, and grew careless of her society.  
Several gentlemen came to my house,  
among them a world-beater and celebrité.

He came, I thought, too often for  
my good name, and I ordered my wife to  
discontinue his company. She refused and  
I looked her up in her room. How she  
managed to set herself free I never knew;  
but in the evening when I returned she  
was gone from the house. That caused  
me some uneasiness: not much, for I was  
soon absorbed in taking account of my  
gains. It was perhaps nine in the evening.  
I had just managed to take up a paper for  
a moment to read out its business details,  
when the door opened, and in came my  
wife, dressed bewitchingly, as if just from  
an evening concert, followed by that mus-  
tached celebrity.

"Good evening, my dear," she said, in  
the coolest way imaginable, and placed a  
chair for her friend.

"Stop!" I cried, my jealousy roused;  
"that man sits not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman and my friend,  
shall sit here if I please," said my wife,  
firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never  
was before, and I collared the scoundrel.  
He was my match—but, God of heaven, my  
wife coolly put a dirk knife that she drew  
from a cane into his hand, and he stabbed  
me. I fainting, and remembered nothing  
more, till I found myself on a bed in my  
own chamber, watched over by my house-  
keeper.

"Where—are—they?" I gasped.

"Gone," was all she said.

It occurred to me then like a flash of  
lightning that nobody was near me at the  
time I was wounded, that my keys were  
about my person, and that I had been rob-  
bed, perhaps, of all my available property.

The thought threw me into an agony of  
fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought  
to me. The keys were there. Taking one  
of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my house-  
keeper, to go to my safe and bring me the  
papers that were there. She returned,  
her face white with terror, to say there was  
nothing there, and all the little doors were  
open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with curses  
and imprecations, and again my senses  
deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay  
deprived of reason, literally treading the  
verge of the grave. One morning I was  
conscious only of a sinking, deathly feeling  
as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an  
angel I saw, standing beside me, her soft

eyes veiled with pity, looking down upon  
me with the most commiserating gentle-  
ness? For a moment I thought I might be  
in heaven, but no—I reasoned with my-  
self—I loved money too well. My treas-  
ure was all of the earth, earthly. Again  
I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed  
waning now, but oh, did it not wear the  
sainted beauty of sweet Lucy Manning?

A quiet, unutterable peace took posses-  
sion of my entire being. I forgot wealth,  
health, everything. My past life seemed  
blotted out, and I was once again innocent,  
true, loving and loved—and Lucy Man-  
ning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last, as  
my strength slowly returned, I raised her.  
As soon as she saw I could be left with  
safety, she had left me, and oh, the blank  
—the dreadful blank!

I wandered among my rooms, now so  
desolate, and saw the many evidences of  
my miserly habits. I know not why, but  
toward my wife my feelings seemed to  
have undergone a revolution. I fear I hat-  
ed her. She had nearly beggared me,  
had deceived, shattered my health, destroy-  
ed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to es-  
timate the damage that had been done me.  
Every means that could be put forth were  
used for the recovery of my money, but all  
in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless,  
disappointed and lonely man. I had been  
thinking thoughts that only burned my  
brain, but did not purify my heart.

"If I had only married sweet Lucy," I  
said, again and again, "all this had not  
been so."

My housekeeper came in with a letter—  
an unusually large package it was—and as  
it bore a foreign postmark, I opened it  
with a trembling hand. What was that?  
A rustling, crumpled bank-note! Another  
and another came forth, until there laid  
upon my knees twenty bills of the largest  
denomination. A few trembling lines ac-  
companied them:

"My Husband—I am dying; my disease  
—there is no need of telling you. Forgive  
me, and accept this enclosed as a faint ef-  
fort toward restitution. It is not worth  
over half that we took from the safe. The  
rest is—I know not where. I am deserted.  
—Farewell, forever!"



# The Sentinel Enlarged.

With unaffected pleasure we present our paper to its patrons in an enlarged form, thus evincing that success has attended our labors. Six months ago, we issued the first number of the Shelby Sentinel, in opposition to the discouraging predictions which new enterprises usually encounter. That which was originated in doubt and fear, is now a proven success. Convinced of the necessity which was generally felt in this section of the State for a newspaper, we undertook what was characterized by some as an impossibility, and by others as a fruitless work, and are now happy to realize that we have been rewarded, and that our prospect for the future is as brilliant as our short career has been fortunate. To furnish that variety of entertaining reading matter which a family journal should possess, and at the same time retain our advertising column, we are compelled to enlarge our sheet. We would return here our most cordial thanks to those friends who have aided us so opportunely, and who have by their efforts assured the Sentinel in its present prosperous condition. We have had much to cheer us in our arduous labors. Many are the kind and appreciative words of praise that have a place in our heart. Many are the tokens of friendship and admiration which distant, and in some cases, unknown friends have sent us. Kindly and cheering have been the notices which our brethren of the press have extended to the Sentinel. With these encouragements our toil has been lightened, and we have received fresh courage to pursue the duties which devolve upon us.

To the people who are included in this section of the State, we present our claims for a generous and liberal support. We have established a newspaper which will faithfully and truthfully reflect your views, and at all times support your best interests, and we only ask that you interest yourselves in extending our usefulness. The importance of a paper representing the interests of this portion of Kentucky, is realized by our people and we urge them to use personal effort in the advancement of its cause.

Our region of country is inferior to none in the state, in point of morality, intelligence, or wealth. A paper representing such a constituency should not reflect discredit upon its supporters by a languishing existence. Presenting the enlarged Sentinel to our patrons and friends, we assure them, as in the short past we have studied your interests, so in the future we will continue faithful to our pledges, and will ever aim to make our paper acceptable.

## Our Future Course.

With this number of the Sentinel, we relinquish our position as an Independent Journal, and will henceforth advocate the principles of Democracy in opposition to the measures of Radicalism. We feel that duty impels us to this course, in view of the dangers which our government is exposed to. While our feeble aid will but in a small degree add to the efforts of those who are battling for the right, yet we cannot remain insensible to the sad condition in which the country is involved, and do not hesitate to throw our influence in favor of those conservative principles in which, alone, is national prosperity. That our nation is in peril at the hands of violent partisans is manifest, and it behooves all who desire the success of liberty's most holy cause, to advocate those principles which will result in permanent peace and tranquility.

There is a powerful party in the country, whose principle is agitation, and who would destroy the liberty of the whites to secure the fancied welfare of the blacks; who by recent majorities have proclaimed their power, and manifest the intention to rule national affairs with that violence which ever characterizes an inflamed and enraged people. With the world's last remaining hope of liberty thus imperilled we cannot hesitate no longer, but announce our determination to uphold and defend those conservative views, which are now only represented by the Democratic party. While advocating these principles we will ever remember that courtesy which dignifies discussion, and will disdain that low partisan spirit that too often disgraces the political press.

The FRANKLIN CO. SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.—This body met at North Benson Church, Franklin Co., Nov. 8th John B. Temple President, Jas. A. Dawson Secretary. The proceedings as reported in the Frankfort papers, are interesting. The various subjects pertaining to the advancement of Sunday Schools were discussed by practical teachers. A very instructive essay was read, for which we will try to find room in a future number.

A committee was appointed by the last legislature to visit various cities and towns in the State with a view to the removal of the capital from Frankfort. The gentleman are now engaged, we understand in visiting Louisville, Lexington, Lebanon, and other towns. We suggest to the gentlemen, to give our town a call.

Schuyler Colfax says if the South doesn't accept the amendment he is coming with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other.—Exchange

Colfax will have his hands full. When he starts he should fall on his sword and put out his torch.

## Falling Stars.

As the great meteoric shower has been postponed, we can afford to laugh at the fright with which the terrible display of November 1833, was received. By many the sublime spectacle was accepted as the dread announcement of the world's destruction. Those who knew no prayers, who had lived without thought of death, were involved in the most terrible and uncontrollable misery. Various are the stories related of the actions of those whom fright had well nigh crazed. Alas, not a few went through life with shattered intellect as the result of that terrible night's terrible wonders. It is related of an industrious old farmer, Peyton Roberts, that intending to make a very early start to his work one morning, he arose in the midst of the grand exhibition. On going to the door he saw, with amazement, the sky lit up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once the world was on fire, and the day of judgment had come. He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and there, in his efforts to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground-tumbling that would have done honor to a rope-dancer. His wife, being awakened in the mean time, and seeing Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, bawled out to know "what in the name of common sense he was doing out there, dancin' round without his clothes on." But Peyton heard not. The judgment, and long black accounts he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife, by this time becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed, and running to the door, shrieked out at the top of her lungs:

"Peyton, I say, Peyton, what do you mean, jumpin' about that? Come and put your trousers on."

"Trowsers! Betsey what's the use of trousers when the world's on fire?"

## THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

The following very sensible article is from the Albany Journal, the central Radical organ of New York. We trust that its warnings and its cautions will be heeded in the quarter to which they are addressed. If they are not, the darkest and worst chapter in the history of the country is about to open. The Journal says:

"If an impeachment were ordered, it would not merely be the trial of Andrew Johnson but also the arraignment of a party which represents a very great majority and exceedingly active minority (large majority, counting the South) in of the American people.—That party accepts the President as its leader and exponent. It sustains his policy with energy and determination. It defends, upon what it calls Constitutional grounds, the very acts which are relied upon to justify the process of arraignment. It says that any attempt to withdraw this power from the Executive would, in itself, be usurpation. We can not doubt that if articles of impeachment were to be prepared, the Democracy would consider itself as having been placed at the bar.—would repudiate the judgment as the fulfilment of one party against the other, and would stand ready to uphold the President in a refusal to submit; even though that refusal should result in civil war, as would be most likely in the excited state of the public mind certain to prevail.

"Let us imagine the condition of affairs. A chief magistrate condemned by a court whose jurisdiction is denied at the outset by several millions of American citizens. He refuses to obey process. The Senate declares him out of office; but he persists in the exercise of prerogative. Congress, then, representing the Government, undertakes to oust him; but he summons to his aid what military he can command, and prepares to test the question of force. Meanwhile, the violence and turbulence engendered at the National capital extends through every section of a country not yet fully recovered from the delirium of war. Parties are developed in each town, city and hamlet, excited to the most pronounced opinions on one side or the other, and ready to fight for those opinions. A spark might at any moment drop into such a magazine, and then—what then? We of the North yet hardly know what civil war means as they have learned it who have seen street divided against street, family against family, law obliterated, order destroyed, civil securities overthrown, and neighbor arrayed in mortal enmity against neighbor."

SEND IT BACK.—Rev. Dr. Adger, of South Carolina, in a letter to Dr. Baekus, of Baltimore, lately published, and makes the following statement and vouches for the fact:

"When General Sherman's army passed through Winnsboro, S. C.; a Capt. Fuller, and six others of that army, robbed one of the ruling elders of the Seion Presbyterian church there of an elegant silver communion set, the gift of a dying female member of the same, costing two hundred and eighty dollars in New York, and having the church's name and the donor's name engraved upon each article."

Dr. Adger makes the following additional statement, which, for the honor of humanity as well as of Christianity, we hope cannot be true:

"A certain congregation of your body now has that silver communion set, which Capt. Fuller presented to them, and are now using it for their communion purposes, with those names of Seion church and its dying sister staring them continually in the face, as they eat the bread and drink the wine which set forth the body and blood of our common Master."

REJECTION OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—The Georgia Legislature rejected the Constitutional Amendment. Rejection resolution reads:

Resolved, That the Legislature of Georgia declines to ratify the amendment adding the fourteenth article to the Constitution of the United States.

A motion was made in the Senate to postpone its consideration to some future day, but was amended to merely adopting the above resolution, and this passed—yeas 36, nays none—the full Senate voting.

In the House the vote stood—yeas 131; nays 2.

Mr. Ellington, of Gilmore, and Mr. Humphreys, of Fannin, committee on reporting this resolution, accompany the report with a lengthy argument.

## Miscellaneous.

### MRS. J. T. H. CROSS.

In "Women of the South" by Mary Fort, we have sketches of the most prominent Southern ladies who have become famous in the literary world, of whom a large number have at some time in their lives claimed Kentucky as their home. The lady whose name is at the head of this article, by her writings has acquired a brilliant reputation throughout the South Western country, and well merits the high praise which she has so generously received. We copy from the work mentioned the following personal sketch of Mrs. Cross, and append as a pleasant description of school life, an article written by the talented authoress.

The maiden name of Mrs. Cross was Jane Tandy China. She is the daughter of Judge China, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in which place she was born in 1817. She was educated at Shelbyville, Kentucky, at the boarding-school of Mrs. Tevis—an establishment which has been a blessing to all the Mississippi valley.

At the age of eighteen, she married James P. Hardin, son of Hon. Ben Hardin, of Kentucky. In 1841, she accompanied her husband to Cuba for his health; but in the autumn of 1842, his prospects for a brilliant career were cut off by death. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, our authoress was left a widow with three children.

In 1848, she was married, a second time, to Rev. Dr. Cross, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. "Since that time," she says, "my life has been as roving as that of an Arab." The two years following this union were spent in Kentucky. Dr. Cross was then stationed two years at Nashville, Tennessee, five months at Huntsville, Alabama, and four years at Charleston, South Carolina. They then travelled in Europe a year, enjoying all that came in their way with a zest and enthusiasm which are most happily set forth in a volume recently given to the world by Dr. Cross. Some extracts from this work, which have come under our notice, would seem to prove the author a man of fine descriptive and poetic powers, and every way worthy of his accomplished wife.

In 1853, they returned to South Carolina, and were engaged in teaching, at Spartanburg, for eighteen months. In 1859, they removed to San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Cross has been for some years, an occasional contributor of prose and poetry to the religious journals of the South. She has written a series of stories for children, which were collected and edited by Dr. Sumners, and published in four small volumes, called, most appropriately, "Heart Blossoms," "Wayside Flowers," "Bible Gleamings," and "Drift-wood."

During her tour through Europe, she corresponded in a pleasant, descriptive vein, with the Christian Advocate, and the Courier, of Charleston. She has also contributed for years to the "Home Circle," of Nashville, Tenn. "And this," she says, "is the head and front of my of fending."

### LA PETITE FEE.

"When I was but a girl, numbering not more than a dozen summers, I was taken from the tender surroundings of home, and sent to a boarding-school. There I was an utter stranger. Teachers and pupils were unknown to me. It seemed to me I met no glance of sympathy. The place, which has since become the warm nest of my affections, appeared to me then cold and strange.

Shy and sensitive, I drew off from the girls around me, and wandered into the yard. A clothes-line was stretched from tree to tree. I caught that with my hands, and leaning my head against it, stood, looking wistfully through the crevices of the high plank fence. There I stood, a lone, awkward little stranger. I know not whether I thought of anything, except that I knew not where I was, and that I was a stranger. Just then, with very soft brown hair, approached me. A few kind words came bubbling up from the pure fountain of the heart, and ran over the ruby brim of her lips. I loved her. Her soul addressed me, and from that hour we were no longer strangers.

Many bright girls have entered those halls of learning—many lovely and accomplished women have come thence; but none brighter or lovelier than my little friend of the clothes-line. Whatever of knowledge was set before her, was seized by her mind with delight. She was the wit of our room; and many a contest have I had with her, and many a time been foiled, while our mutual friend and music-teacher, herself a wit of the first order, sat by, laughing and cheering us on.

Her temper, too, was like the little island of Santa-Cruz, perpetual blossom and sunshine. So admirably were her gifts of mind tempered by the graces of her heart, that none of us thought of being jealous, but all loved "la petite fee," as we affectionally called her.

At length our school-days were ended—those sweet May-days, when the haycocks built her nest upon the waves of life, and snowy sails were filled with odorous breezes. Ah, those were the days when a French dialogue had more glory than the most gorgeous gala-day at Victoria's court.

But those sweet days passed away—yet our friendship passed not. We grew into womanhood. Still every evening we flew to meet each other with the eagerness of children, and hand in hand we traversed the shady walks of my native village.

Again the kaleidoscope of life was changed, but again a kind Providence threw us together. She became the wife of a minister of the Gospel—of whom else could she have been the wife? He was my pastor, and she my pastor's wife—the dear little lady.

And she was a mother, and held in her arms her first-born, and hung enraptured on its smiles. She had never known any sorrow—never! Trained by kind, judicious, and religious parents, married to a gentle, tender husband, she had ever been so shielded, that the rough winds of adversity could not reach her. But as she held her babe in her arms, and the mother's soul revelled in all those blissful emotions that only a mother's soul can know, God said: "Give it to me!" and she gave it to him. She reached forth no rebellious arms to snatch back her reeling child; she sent up no murmuring cry. She gave it to him and meekly folded her hands upon the heart from which the life-blood was ebbing.

I shall never forget it—the day she came to spend with me in the country, when her little one was gone. The pale face is still before me, and the mourning garb, as she walked with me among the shrubbery, and plucked the rose-buds and tried to talk cheerfully, and to manifest an interest in the things about her, and sweetly she spoke

## Miscellaneous.

### of the love of God.

I have read sermons on resignation, and I have listened to them from the lips of the most eloquent preachers, and the waves of life have washed out in part or entirely the impression, but a sermon that can never be washed out, an impression that can never be erased, a lesson in resignation that can never be forgotten, is the memory of that pale woman, amid the rose-bushes—the countenance so filled with mingled anguish and submission. Such, oh, my God, are the sermons preached by thy true children—sermons which shall tell in Eternity!

And now, when my soul chafes at the cords that bind it, or frets at the control of circumstances, or is tempted foolishly to murmur at the good providence of God, and I go to the rose-bushes, and I look at the sweet face of my friend, and it says to my troubled heart, "Peace, be still!"

### PRICES TREMBLING.—The Cincinnati Gazette, of the 13th, has the following:

From every quarter we have advices of declining markets, for almost every article of produce. All speculative feeling is, for the time, suspended, and operators act as if the markets were believed to be bottomless. In New York, yesterday, beef cattle sold at about what they cost in Kentucky, and hogs brought less than they were bought for in Chicago or Cincinnati. Mess pork, which two weeks ago sold as high as \$35, is down to \$24.75, lard has fallen from 22c to 11c for prime; flour, wheat, corn, oats, &c., have been falling steadily, though comparatively high. Dry goods are declining, as are also groceries; and finally, fancy railroad stocks, which were going up rapidly a few days ago, are tumbling.

This news from New York, has its effect, of course, throughout the West, and the great leveling process is everywhere experienced.

Our dispatches from Lexington, the great stock market for Central Kentucky, report a decline in sheep yesterday from 6c to 4c; hogs, from 8c to 5c; cattle, from 7c to 5c; horses 20 per cent., and mules \$15 per head.

There is a bottom to the markets, of course, and the indications are that it will soon be reached. The practice of hoarding produce, which was rendered profitable by the abundance and cheapness of money, rendered this break in the market inevitable. To such a point had values been carried, that exports were not only checked, but we were actually re-importing leading articles of produce from England. Now the tables are turned, and our foreign exports are increasing.

But money being plenty, the probability is that a violent reaction will take place, and capitalists will again attempt to monopolize stocks and force prices up, compelling consumers and producers to unite in paying the fiddler. It will not be so easy to do this, however, as it was a year ago. Within the last six months hoarding produce has not paid. Within the last sixty days it has certainly proved a disastrous business.

And now let consumers see that they get the advantage of the decline. Let them bear in mind when they go to their butcher, their baker, or their grocer, that there has been a large and pretty general decline in prices recently; that hogs have fallen thirty-three per cent., beef in proportion, and that flour is a full dollar a barrel lower than it was a week ago.

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—The value of a weekly newspaper in a family is inestimable. The true newspaper contains a variety of information the value of which is poorly represented by the pitiful price of a year's subscription.

Intelligently conducted, the newspaper will prove a valuable teacher, and most important agent in advancing civilization and elevating the national character. A family of children who, for a series of years have had the privilege of reading the well stored columns of a weekly journal, will be far better prepared to enter upon the duties of life, appear better in company, and acquire themselves more creditably in the discussion of current topics, than if they had been suffered to grow up in ignorance of what had been going on around them. We have noticed the fact for many years, that those who have decided, from a few minutes' conversation with any boy or four, whether he has been in the habit of seeing a weekly paper. The instruction of the school-room is technical, and while indispensable, necessarily fails to include a vast amount of knowledge which, coming under the head of general information, is best and most pleasantly learned from the journals of the day. Besides this, a good newspaper increases the attractions of home, adds to the variety and interests of home conversation, and in many cases induces father and son to remain at home instead of seeking elsewhere for entertainment.

A FORTHCOMING INTERESTING BOOK.—Basil W. Duke proposes soon to publish a narrative of the cavalry of JOHN H. MORAN, the celebrated Southern guerrilla, which acquired such distinction in the war. Colonel DUKE, as is well known, was the leading spirit under JOHN MORAN of that organization, and is entirely and thoroughly conversant with its remarkable history. His narrative will be authentic, and will shed much light on incidents and operations which are now imperfectly known in the North, but which were of the most interesting character. JOHN MORAN's cavalry played a very important part in the campaigns of the South, as well as in the guerrilla operations of the border States. It was a brilliant and dashing body of men, composed of many of the finest and most gallant youths of Kentucky, its extraordinary march through Indiana and Ohio, around this city, and its final capture in attempting to escape—the imprisonment of MORAN and DUKE in the Columbus Penitentiary—the escape of the latter and his subsequent death in East Tennessee, are among the highest dramatic incidents which this work will record. Its appearance will be looked for with great interest, especially in Kentucky and Ohio. It will be bound in good style, with the portrait of General MORAN, maps, &c., and will cost \$4.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Subscription received for the above work at this office.

DESTITUTION IN THE SOUTH.—There is a belt of country extending from North Carolina to Texas, including the northern and central points of the intervening States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, which in consequence of the failure of the crops, is threatened with the most direful calamity that can befall a people—a state of destitution denoting the approach and it may be, the actual presence of famine before the maturity of the crops of 1867.

There is a man in Madison, Ind., of the name of Johnpedroalphonsoalier Chauncey.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE CONQUERED SOUTH.—The following, from the pen of J. D. W. DETSON, Esq., editor of De Bow's Review, gives expression to the feelings of the Southern heart in this hour of its severest trial:

This people have not been degraded or humbled. It is not in your power, and if you are true statesmen it can not be your desire to do either. They are your countrymen, and for good or ill, your descendants and theirs, in all the ages that are to come, are likely to mingle together. Their fall is ours! Let their losses be ever so great, they do not embrace us more. That survives, and fortunately for America it does, for what a picture would its republican present, were the people of one-third of states, self acknowledged, to be degraded and debased! Neither revenge nor policy could dictate this. Revenge could not be gratified by sowing the storm to reap the whirlwind. Policy, ancient and modern, teaches differently. The Greeks and Romans conquered the world by conciliation, laws, liberties, institutions, as well as by arms. English liberties and the English Constitution have been maintained by the descendants of York and Lancaster, of Cromwell and the Cavaliers. On the field of Bosworth, after the star of Richard had set in blood, the princely Richmond could exclaim:

"Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers dead! That in submission will prove to us: And then, as we have taken the Sacrament, Smile Heaven upon this our conjunction! That long hath frowned upon our enmity."

A people with such antecedents as those of the South can not submit permanently to be lorded over and acknowledge the authority of a master race. They may endure for a time, but they will strike back and bite the heel of the oppressor. Inextinguishable hatred will grow up, and their children and children's children, like the infant Hannibal, will be sworn upon the altars of vengeance. Nor ought the power of such a race to be despised. Weak it may be to-day, disorganized and overwhelmed by defeat, and colossal, disciplined and organized may be the power which is brought in threatening attitude against it. There are small accidents in history which change the relations of peoples. The weak have but to wait upon opportunity. Ireland, Poland, Italy, Hungary, will rise and rise again. History is full of these examples. A vast military establishment, great standing armies, great resources will be needed here; and while their force is expended in crushing rebellion in one quarter, in such wide domain, it will be aroused and rampant in a hundred others. The tyrant, the oppressor and the despot will in vain seek to prevent opportunities which the great political relations of the world involve, and he will, even in the grandeur of his pretensions, tremble before them.

"Who would be free Themselves will strike the blow."

But why drive a brave and earnest people to despair? What great public purpose can be answered? In what respect will the North be happier, wealthier, more powerful by such a course? What Christian or patriotic instinct can be gratified by it? You have said that freemen were better than slaves, and is not the doctrine as applicable to white men as to negroes? Do you not hasten to get rid of the expense and charge of territories by converting them into States? Has not Britain realized a thousand times over profit by the change which made her colonies independent States?

Do you wish to make secession odious and prevent the possibility of its recurrence? If slavery, hence, sanguinary war has not accomplished this, do you think that the meaner remedies of the thumb screw and the galley will avail? What a compliment are you paying to a people whose standards have all gone down, and the debris only of whose power survives. The South went down under your cohorts and your legions; but having gone down with her broad and teeming lands wasted, with her cities destroyed, her warriors scattered, and bleeding, and dead, her resources exhausted, and her people clothed in sackcloth and in ashes, yours is a magnificent tribute, when behind every bush you see her bayonets gleaming still. Compose yourselves. The work is done, done efficiently and finally. The issue, which was made fairly, was as fairly decided. In appealing to the sword, its arbitrament was accepted. Peoples know no higher Courts, and Congress may decide as they please—the bygone days are the law! From the Chesapeake to El Paso, the South tells you this. Her legislatures, her statesmen, her disarmed warriors, her people of high and low degree, all solemnly and emphatically declare it, and having discovered their truth and earnestness when they told you that they meant war, can you not trust them now, when they tell you that they mean peace, permanent and lasting peace? Moreover, the issues which resulted in war are extinct. If new ones arise, they are as likely to be such as will disturb the peace of the North as ours. No man in our domain, unless within the wall of a lunatic asylum, dreams of resistance to a power which, in the heyday of our prosperity and might, bore so overwhelming and resistlessly upon us. The Government of the United States is our only government, and in its honor and glory must we find ours!

We may forthwith announce ourselves as an infallible believer that the end of the world is at hand. For, in the days of Noah, was there not "marrying, and giving in marriage," and the flood came, and destroyed them all? From every direction come the awful tidings of hammering knots, tightening nooses, brides and bridegrooms, marriage suppers, parson fees, and benedictions, nuptial presents, and the like. From Paducah, Frankfort, Lexington, and Harrodsburg, the alarming marriage bells ring out their joyful peals, and the bigger bell of Lebanon claps its brazen tongue in exultant agony over the amalgamation of eight couples in one day. Our own quiet town is in a hubbub of excitement over the announcement of glowing hearts, through the agency of ministerial bora. They go off like cart wheels—two and two. The signs of the times are ominous. We look expectantly for the great doom. We should not be surprised to wake up some night and hear the squeaks and groans of agonized nature. The Paducah Herald says "look out for squalls!" The Frankfort Yeoman ejaculates, "it is too soon." But is it not written, "like a thief in the night" and "in a day when ye think not" the eventful cometh? Who can hope to escape the issue? Who can avoid the fruits of the times? Happy man.

Wherefore we say again, the end of the world approaches, or else we discern ignorantly the signs of the times.—Danville Gazette.

There is a man in Madison, Ind., of the name of Johnpedroalphonsoalier Chauncey.

## Marriages.

MARRIED—November 12th, 1866, by Rev. J. C. Maule, at the residence of the bride's father, T. C. Guthrie, Dr. N. E. Naim, of Clay Village, and Mrs. E. J. Summerville, of Davies county.

On the 12th of November, 1866, at the residence of Elder J. C. Freeman, in Eminence Ky., by Elder D. N. Porter, Mr. W. B. Wilson, Eminence; to Mrs. Evans, of Shelby county.

## Baths.

DIED—of Diphtheria, Nov. 15th, Wm. Thomas, son of Wm. B. and Elizabeth Burton, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On November 9th, after a painful and protracted illness, Miss SARAH E. GUYTON, aged 23 years and 4 months.

## New Advertisements.

### A LARGE ASSORTMENT

—OF—

### STOVES

—AND—

### GRATES

—AT—

### J. S. & H. H. CHURCHILL'S.

—O—

### TIN ROOFING

—AND—

### GUTTERING

—BY—

### J. S. & H. H. CHURCHILL.

Nov. 21-y.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Mildred S. Stanley, and others, } Equity.

John Ashby, and others, } Equity.

ON MONDAY, December 10, 1866, (being Court day, in virtue of a decree of the Shelby Circuit Court, rendered in the above cases, at the September Term, 1866, I will, as Master Commissioner of said Court, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House door, in the town of Shelbyville, Ky., between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 4 o'clock P. M., the celebrated "Cove Farm," situate in Shelby County, seven miles South of Shelbyville, between the Taylorville and Harrodsburg pikes, one and a half miles from each, and contains 301 acres.

"Cove Farm" is a high state of cultivation, and in fertility of soil is superior to the majority of Shelby farms, and equal to any in Wood and timber in great abundance, and of excellent quality. The wood and open land is well set in blue grass and clover, making some 215 acres of pasture. Never-failing water convenient to all the fields and pastures. The improvements consist of good dwelling and all outbuildings, such as Barns, Stables, &c. To those wanting a comfortable home and desirable stock and grain farm, this place offers unusual inducements.

Terms of sale.—A credit of six, twelve and eighteen months will be given, the purchaser to execute bonds with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale, and to retain a lien for the purchase money.

Nov. 21-st. T. O. SHACKELFORD, M. C.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

J. M. Jesse's Devises, } In Equity.

J. M. Jesse's Devises, } In Equity.

ON MONDAY, December 10, 1866, (being Court day, in virtue of a decree of the Shelby Circuit Court, rendered in the above case, at the September Term, 1866, I will, as Master Commissioner of said Court, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House door, in the town of Shelbyville, Ky., between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 4 o'clock P. M.

A Fine Grain and Stock Farm, situate in Shelby County, adjoining the land of John F. Moore, containing 400 acres, and the farm of John F. M. Jesse.

Terms.—A credit of six and twelve months will be given, the purchaser to execute bonds with good security, bearing interest from date of sale.

Nov. 21-st. T. O. SHACKELFORD, M. C.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

—OF—

### BLOODED STOCK.

—AND—

### CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS: CROP

—AND—

### FARMING IMPLEMENTS

I WILL, as Administrator of Benjamin Warfield, deceased, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, without reserve, on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, 1866, at 10 o'clock A. M. at his farm, three miles from Lexington, Ky., on the Winchester turnpike road, all the

25 Head of Thoroughbred Short Horn Cows and Heifers; 9 head of superior young Bulls; About 10 head grade Cows and Heifers; several of these fine grade Alderney and superior milkers, now from the State of New York; 9 fine one and two year old Steers; Several Steer Calves; 1 Thoroughbred Alderney Bull; A number of Work Horses and Horses; 2 fine Buggy Horses—by one of Edwin Forest, the other by Herr's Boston; About 30 Sheep—Cotswold and Southdown, 10 of the Cotswold Ewes imported from Canada in September last.

Two Fine Cotswold Bucks, Imported from Canada; 25 or 30 fat Hogs; About 30 fine thoroughbred Berkshire Hogs; 6 or 8 Chester White and Yorkshire Sw



## Miscellaneous:

**THE DUTCH JUDGE.**—There lived in one of the mountainous counties of Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement; but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the causes of all who offended him, and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his honor prompted—he personating both judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book, in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their causes.

He was heard to pass the following judgments: Having prepared himself (acting as judge, and respondent for the accused) he called George Fulwiler.

"Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hast thou been doin' in dis lower world?" "A, lort, I does not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, lort, I hash—when der water wash down, and mein business was dull, I take a little too much toll."

"Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left, mit to goate."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, now you stand up. What you been doin' in dis lower world?"

(The trial now proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.)

"Now I tries minself. Henry Schnyder! Henry Schnyder! stand up. What hast thou been doin' in dis lower world?"

"Ah, lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Schnyder, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Schnyder, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, lort, I hash, when der water was low, and when mein business was dull, I hash taken a little too much toll."

"But, Henry Schnyder, what you do wid der toll?"

"Ah, lort, I gives it to der poor."

(Pausing.) "Well, Henry Schnyder, you must go to der right mit der sheep; but it is a tight squeeze!"

**THE DARKEY AND THE APE.**—General C— gave his black man, Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarters worth of zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the striking affinity between the Simia and negro races. Sawney was soon in the Circus, and the first thing he saw a very deade looking baboon, and eyeing the biped quadruped closely, soliloquized thus:—Folks, sure's your born, feet, hands powerful bad lookin' countenance, jist the nigger gittin' old, I reckon." Then as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand with "How'd ye do uncle?"

The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially. Sawney then plied his new acquaintance with questions, but no answer did he get, except a merry twinkle of the eye, he concluded the ape was not committed, and looking cautiously around he chuckled out:—He, he, ye too sharp for 'em, ole feller! keep dark; if ye speak one word of English, white man have a hoe in your hand in two minits."

**PARENTAL LETTER!**—The following letter was written by a father to his son in college:

"My dear son: I write to send you your socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I kept half back and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got measles, which we think would spread among other girls if Tom had not had them before, and she is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not, you are a donkey and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

**BORNS.**—Young men who sit down in an editor's sanctum and read exchanges aloud to him. A stuttering man drunk. A man who reads his poetry to you. Augers and Artesian wells. Those who strike oil and those who do not. The man who always reads, but never takes the papers.

To keep fish from smelling, cut off their noses, to keep ducks from walking, cut off their toes. To make a cord of wood go a great way, leave it on the street. It will go, never to return.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a member of Congress to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a man to his son one morning.

"So I did," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's finger ran through the offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled. You should just have heard him holler, dad."

The father looked unhappy, while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

**ANECDOTE OF THE LATE JOHN VAN BUREN.**—He once won a suit, at which the opposite party was so much enraged that he declared that whenever he met "Prince John," he would rebuke him. They encountered each other at an oyster counter. The man at once addressed him: "Mr. Van Buren, is there a cause so bad or an individual so infamous that your services could not be obtained?" "I cannot say," said John, swallowing another oyster then stooping over, he asked in an undertone that everybody could hear: "What have you been doing?"

A young countryman lately took a notion to get married. After the ceremony was concluded, John then took a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, deliberately walked up to the person and handed it to him, saying: "Person, keep the whole, you needn't give me back any change."

A hen that laid an egg to-day and will lay another to-morrow, will go singing around the yard, while the hen that never lays has no more music in her soul than the wife of Socrates.

Women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

## Miscellaneous:

**WIDOW JONES' COW.**—Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins and sitting double, with elbow on his knees. Out stepped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon in her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"We'll ma'am Jones; perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, nothin', no way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor lone woman like me doesn't know what to do with so many creatures and I should be glad to trade if we can fit it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at a roan, then at the widow; then at brindle, then at the widow; at the Downing cow, then at the widow again, and so on through the whole forty.

The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday, and ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow, but the cow. "That ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—" another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I know before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed and they both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old roan is a faithful old milch, and so is brindle, but I have known better."

A long stare succeeded this speech; the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out:

"Law! Mr. Smith if I'm the cow you want do say so?"

The intentions of the widow Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were "out published" they were married.

**WITHOUT HOPE IN HIS DEATH.**—Many years ago, when the Asiatic cholera was sweeping like a scourge through the Western States, a steamer was descending the Missouri river from St. Joseph. It was just at sunset and the level rays of the sun illumined only the upper part of the boat, while the lower part was in the calm shadow of the groves of cotton-wood which lined the level banks of the stream.

In the pilot house, on the upper deck, lay dying the carpenter of the boat, in professed infidelity, one who had been not only strong in his disbelief of the existence of a God, but who had exerted himself to make proteges of his associates around him.

And now that he was dying, they were silently gathering outside the house to hear how he, the bold sceptic would meet his fate.

For many minutes he lay motionless after a fearful spasm, but soon partly raising his convulsed hands, he said in forced but clear tones, "Oh God have mercy on me! I never asked you before, and now I suppose you won't hear me."

The sun set and the thickening shadow gathered over the steamer, as his spirit sped its way to the realms of the future; but a deeper, darker shadow fell upon the hearts of those who, they sadly turned away, felt that the teachings and practice of the infidel's lifetime were all in one moment swept away by the bitter confession wrung from him in the last and trying hour of death.

**SCENE IN CHURCH.**—The Methodist Circuit riders are very plain, blunt, earnest men. A few days ago old Brother H— was preaching in the Methodist church in a village not far from Omaha. One of his auditors, a very worthy young man, purchased a music box at McCracken's, and placed it in his coat pocket just as he started for church. Unfortunately, the instrument was somewhat out of fix, and would sometimes stop before it run down, and sometimes a slight jar would set it going again. Old Brother H— was preaching away in no very low tone of voice when our musical friend struck his coat-tail against the seat as he changed position, and away started the music box, grinding out that unmelodious tune, "Pop goes the Weasel."

Its owner, nearly mortified to death, clutched his coat-tail with both hands, and tried to choke it into silence. Finding he could not stop it, he rushed for the door. The old preacher, not comprehending the situation, yelled after him: "Young man, you'll have another kind of music in another world, if you don't repent."

**TAKING HER AT HER WORD.**—The late Rev. Dr. Whightman, of Kirkmahoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approbation of the lady's mother. Accordingly the doctor waited upon the matron, and stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, Doctor, you're far awre good for your Janey. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye."

"Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair about it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after, Dr. Whightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

**WEAR A SMILE.**—Which will you do, smile and make others happy; or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by logs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words.

On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead.

There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

**MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.**—The General Assembly of Kentucky will reassemble at Frankfort, pursuant to adjournment, on the 2d day of January, 1867. The most important business to be transacted will be the selection of a United States Senator in place of Hon. Garrett Davis, whose term expires on the 4th of March next.

## Drug and Book Store.

### DRUG STORE.



## B. B. ROSS,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AND OF THE PUREST QUALITY, A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, LIQUORS,

BRANDIES, WINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

DYESTUFFS.

VARNISHES.

BRUSHES, SPONGES,

SYRINGES,

SHOULDER BRACES.

### PATENT MEDICINES

OF ALL KINDS;

And all articles usually kept by Druggists, besides

### PERFUMERY,

TOILET SOAPS, COLOGNE, COSMETICS AND POMADES;

Together with a Choice Selection of

### FANCY GOODS,

SUCH AS

Table Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Razors, Scissors, Combs, Feather Dusters, Toilet Sets, Toilet Bottles, Cologne

Bottles, Flower Vases, Looking Glasses, Ladies' Dress-Keys, Work Boxes, Cases, Card

Stands, Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Pictures, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings

Photograph Albums, Port Monies, Bill Cases, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Buff Holland, &c., &c.

### PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS,

Carefully Compounded by persons of long experience.

### BOOKS.



We also constantly keep on hand a Large Collection of Miscellaneous, Religious, and Literary Books. Also,

### SCHOOL BOOKS,

Classical, Mathematical, and English Books.

HYMN BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, MEMORANDUM BOOKS, NOTE BOOKS, RECEPT BOOKS, DRAFTS, BILL PAPER, LEGAL CAP PAPER, NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, ALL KINDS.

VISITING CARDS, GOLD PENS, STEEL PENS, INK STANDS, PORTFOLIOS, WRITING DESKS, LEAD PENCILS, SHATES.

### COAL OIL.

As LOW as can be bought elsewhere. Also a full supply of

### COAL OIL LAMPS, PARLOR

AND SUSPENSION LAMPS.

LAMP CHIMNIES AND LANTERNS.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, LOUISVILLE, KY.

For sale by all dealers everywhere. Oct 24-ly.

## Patent Medicine,

EDWARD WILDER'S

FAMOUS

### STOMACH BITTERS

THE BODY OF ALL SIMILAR PREPARATIONS is common RAW WHISKY OR ALCOHOL, which contains a great amount of Fuel Oil and other poisonous substances; whilst the body of EDWARD WILDER'S STOMACH BITTERS is PURE OLD BURBON or COGNAC DISTILLED WHISKY, the best and purest Whisky known or produced. The other ingredients are the most costly and powerful known medicinal medicines. The preparation being made on the most scientific principle, that of displacement, thereby extracting all the medicinal virtue of the ingredients, which cannot be done in any other way—no other similar compound being made like this in the old style of decoction or maceration. Hence the great medicinal efficiency and virtue of these truly famous Bitters, which are being used and prescribed by the most eminent medical men for the following diseases: DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, AND ALL SPECIES OF INDIGESTION, INTERMITTENT FEVER AND FEVER AND AGUE, AND ALL PERIODICAL DISORDERS. It will give immediate relief COLIC and FLUX. It will cure COSTIVENESS. It is a mild and delightful Invigorant for Delicate Females. It is a safe Anti-Bilious Alternative and Tonic for all family purposes. It is a powerful Recuperant after the frame has been reduced and attenuated by sickness. It is an excellent Force as well as Strengtheners of the Digestive powers, and is desirable alike as a Corrective and mild Cathartic.

This preparation has now only been before the public a short time, and in that time it has performed some of the most wonderful cures, certificates of which can be shown on application. It has been patented, and the proprietor claims for it, as it has been pronounced the formula having been shown, as it will be to any regular graduate, by the most eminent of the Medical Faculty.

The Best Compound ever Offered to the Public.

EDWARD WILDER,

Wholesale Druggist,

MARBLE FRONT, 215 MAINST R EE

SOLE PROPRIETOR,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

For sale by all dealers everywhere. Oct 24-ly.

## Drug Store.



NEW

### DRUG STORE.

P. & S. H. ELLINGWOOD have just opened from the most reliable New York houses a complete stock of pure and unadulterated

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Wines, Brandies, Liqueurs.

Our former experience as druggists, together with the care, attention, and promptness, we shall devote to this branch of our business, we intend shall make our house second to none in the State. We shall also keep constantly on hand.

Paino, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Abdominal Supporters, Breast Pumps, Dental Plates, Shell and Shields, Nursing Bottles, Nipples.

Together with complete selections of the very best

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND COSMETICS.

And all articles usually kept by Druggists of the most approved kind and pattern.

### OUR CHINA STORE



Six years ago was an experiment, but nurtured by the patronage of a generous community and by our own industry, it now offers for sale a larger and better assortment than ever, at greatly reduced prices:

China Ware, Glass Ware, Window Shades, Buff Holland, Oil Cloth, Table Cloth, Table Cutlery, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Scissors, Looking Glasses, Combs, Work Boxes, Cases, Card Stands, Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Pictures, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings, Photograph Albums, Port Monies, Bill Cases, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Buff Holland, &c., &c.

### OUR JEWELRY STORE,

Confiding in its own merits, the beauty of its selections, and the good taste of the community, we continue to keep on hand handsome assortments, and will receive every week new selections and styles, from the most reliable jewelers in America. In front of our Store we have placed a

### GOLDEN STAR

To direct every body to the

Purest Drugs Medicines and Chemicals.

Best Brandies Wines and Liquors.

Finest Perfumery, Toilet-soaps and Cosmetics.

To Beautiful Fancy Goods.

To Fine and Elegant Jewelry.

R. W. CARROLL & CO.

Nov. 14-2m. 117 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O



To full assortments of China, Granite, Glass and

Plated Ware,

Wall Paper, Window Shades and Table Oil Cloth.

To Good Goods

and Good Bargains,

In all Cases,

and in every branch of our business, in prices, in quality, and in our representations, we shall endeavor to deserve continued patronage.

COAL OIL,

We shall continue to sell the very best at the lowest prices.

P. & S. H. ELLINGWOOD.

June 6, 1866.

## Miscellaneous:

### HASTINGS & HOLLERBACH

DEALERS IN

### FRENCH AND AMERICAN

### CONFECTIONARIES,

PLAIN AND FANCY GROCERIES,

NOTIONS, STATIONERY, AND PER-

FUMERY; DOMESTIC WINES AND

CATAWBA BRANDY, IMPORTED

HAVANA CIGARS, CHEWING

TOBACCO, PIPES AND

SNUFF, &c., &c.

North Side Main Street, Between 5th & 6th.

SHELBYVILLE, KY.,

### SIGN,

### NEW FIRM,

### KRUEGER & CRAPSTER,

Manufacturers and Dealers

### BOOTS AND SHOES,

At Mrs. Clay's Old Stand,

SHELBYVILLE, KY.

WE have formed a co-partnership in this business, and are receiving and will keep on hand a Large and Superior Stock of BOOTS and SHOES. Our Stock of Eastern Ware is selected with great care, and will give satisfaction. We would call especial attention to our Stock of

400 Sets of Tea and Table Spoons, 200-40

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## Local Items.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**—In consequence of the crowded state of our columns we cannot call attention separately to all of the new advertisements, but ask our readers to look at them all.

We will publish next week, the address of the Democratic State Central Committee. It is in reference to the State convention which meets at Frankfort 22d of February.

We wish several local agents in Shelby and adjoining counties, to engage in the sale of some very popular books. Very liberal terms are offered. Send for particulars to this office.

Hastings & Hollenbach, have just received a large Stock of Ladies' Gowns, and Boys' Skates of all sizes, which they will sell at prices to suit the times. Call and examine.

Grape Juice, Lester's Fig, Holland's Empress, Golden Leaf, Virginia Twist, and various other brands of Virginia chewing Tobacco can be found at Hastings & Hollenbach's.

W. S. Caldwell is offering extra good bargains in Overcoats, Business suits, Boys' clothing, piece goods, Boots and Shoes. Hats and Caps, and Gents under wear. 1mo.

We call attention to the Commissioner's Sale of land Monday Dec. 10. The well known "Core Farm," containing 301 acres, will be sold to the highest bidder. This is a rare chance.

GEN. ROGER W. HANSON.—We will publish, as soon as we can find room for it, the excellent biographical sketch of this well known Kentuckian, which lately appeared in the Louisville Courier.

All persons indebted to the Sentinel office for subscription and job-work, will please pay up. The money is needed. Delay no longer. We pay cash for Paper Ink, and Wages. Don't compel us to the rigid necessity, of asking again for the money.

**SPECIMEN COPIES.**—We send a large number of specimen copies of this issue to persons who are not subscribers, hoping they may read the Sentinel, endorse its principles and send us their names. Those who wish to subscribe will please inform us that we may continue sending the paper.

**EAT HEARTILY.**—There are hundreds of people who do not dare to eat a hearty meal of victuals for fear of the distressing effects that follow. Coo's Dyspepsia Cure will stop it instantaneously. It has cured more cases of Dyspepsia than all other remedies combined. Take it freely and you will be satisfied of its merits.

Now let the smoke of Peace prevail, Far and wide, o'er hill and vale, Doubters, not too hard to feel, Be sure to try the "Olive," this Nonpareil.

ALSO.—The Lane Jack, Golden Leaf and "Uncle Bob" Lee, kept at Hastings & Hollenbach's, where you will always find the largest Stock of Pipes, and Smokers' goods generally, that are to be found in the State.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.**—This popular Lady's Magazine for December is a splendid number. For many years "Peterson's Magazine," in consequence of its merit and cheapness, has had a larger circulation than any other monthly in the United States. In 1867 it will be greatly improved, and each will contain a Double-Size Steel Fashion Plate, elegantly colored, with from four to six figures—making "Peterson's" the cheapest in the world. The terms will remain two dollars a year to single subscribers. To clubs it is cheaper still, viz: five copies for \$8.00, eight copies for \$12.00, or fourteen copies for \$20.00. To every person getting up a club (at these rates) the Publisher will send an extra copy gratis. Specimens sent (if written for) to those wishing to get up clubs.

Address post-paid, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

(For the Shelby Sentinel.)

**Democratic Meeting.** At a meeting of the Democracy of Shelby county, held in the courthouse in Shelbyville, Ky., on Monday, the 12th of November, it being county court day, on motion Judge Jas. L. Caldwell was called to the chair and John A. Middleton, Esq., was appointed secretary.

The object of the meeting having been explained, on motion the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we recommend the 8th day of January, 1867, as the day for the holding of the State Democratic convention, and it be held at the city of Louisville.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend our countryman, Judge Jos. P. Force, as a suitable candidate for State Auditor and endorse him to the Democracy of the State as a staunch Democrat and eminently qualified for the position to which he aspires.

Resolved, That we recommend Zac. F. Smith, of Henry county, Kentucky, for Superintendent of Public Instruction, and endorse him as a true Democrat, and highly deserving of the claim he is urging.

Resolved, That on the second Monday in December next, delegates be appointed to attend said convention at whatever time and place may be designated by the State Democratic Central Committee.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Louisville Daily Courier and Shelby Sentinel, for publication.

JAMES L. CALDWELL, Pres't. JOHN A. MIDDLETON, Sec'y.

General T. L. CRITTENDEN has resigned the State Treasurership of Kentucky, and ALF. ALLEN, of Breckinridge County, is appointed his successor.

GEORGE N. BULLITT, of Louisville, traveling mercantile agent, was murdered and robbed near Clarksville, Arkansas, on the 5th instant.

## News Summary.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Kentucky have called a State Convention, to meet at Frankfort on the 22d of February next.

A New York dispatch says the Fenians are loud with threats and determination to lay Canada waste with fire and sword if any of the Brotherhood be executed.

Another prize-fight is soon to come off, in the vicinity of New York, between John McGlade and Jim Colton, both notorious bruisers, for \$1,000 a side.

General Logan, it is asserted, has declared his intention to do all he can to induce the President's impeachment.

Chief Justice Chase has had an interview with the President regarding the adoption of the Amendment by the Southern States.

General Sherman will stop in Havana where he will be joined by Sheridan. They go thence to Vera Cruz by the Susquehanna. The French Minister has sent a dispatch to France on the subject of their mission.

The census of Indian tribes, as prepared for the annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, shows the total number of Indians to be 295,794.

The New Orleans Crescent states a curious fact in reference to the commerce of New Orleans. Instead of being exporters of sugar and molasses, as was formerly the case, both are now largely imported.

**LIBERAL.**—The Louisville, Frankfort and Lexington Railroad Company announce that they will transport over their roads, free of charge, all contributions for the destitute poor of the South.

**INEXORABLE LAW.**—Every act of life is made solemn by its consequences, and by the fact that opportunity once lost can not be recalled. The moment gone is gone forever. The deed done can not be undone. The choice made, the soul is given up to the operation of the law under which it has placed itself. The wretch who commits suicide, can not come back to life, though he shrieks like a madman when he hears the death-rattle in his throat! Oh if a man commits murder, he can not call the victim back by repentance. Perhaps he stabbed his friend in a passion. It matters not. Death has no pity. It knows no friendship nor remorse. Though the murderer throws himself upon the corpse, and weep in agony, the dead wakes not. Suppose a sailor, in a fit of revenge, sets fire to a ship at sea! The next moment he is horror-struck at what he has done. But will his bitter repentance sooth down the enraged elements? Will it cause the billows to cease their dashing, or the flames their fury? No! he has done the deed, and must abide the consequences.

The flames will still roll on, and mount on high, and wrap their fiery shroud around him for his ocean burial. Slowly but steadily sinks the wreck. An hour passes on, and he is struggling with the waves. He reaches out his arms in convulsive agony. He curses and prays by turns. But his strength grows weaker with his efforts, till—despite his struggles and prayers, and dying blasphemies—his form sinks beneath the waves, and the calm deep rolls above his head, as smoothly as ever. The laws of God in the moral world are as inflexible as those of nature. They are as incapable of being turned aside by human power or ingenuity. Every man has reason to tremble lest he find too late that it requires a stronger hand than his to stop that terrific machinery which sets in motion. Let him not flatter himself that he can repair the injury by repenting of it. No! the only way to make life right is to start right. A late repentance may save a man's soul from peril, but it cannot undo the wrong that he has done.

It cannot repay the evil which he has inflicted. In this sense repentance always comes too late. It may help to set the future right. But it is not an atonement for the past. At the bar of conscience it hath never forgiveness. It remains forever an eternal loss to the sinner.

**How TO PROSELYTE IN BUSINESS.**—In the first place, make up your minds to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide on some particular employment, and persevere in it. "All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity."

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who comes and goes."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot, will make a pot lid." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

"Flow deep, while sluggards sleep. And you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth coming from any other source than labor, and never place dependence on becoming possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for a dead man's shoes, may go a long time barefooted." "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

The Commercial's Washington special says it is confidently expected that the reconstruction question will be amicably settled early in the approaching session of Congress. Negotiations for that purpose are in progress between the President and the leading politicians of all parties in the North and South. The basis of settlement will be universal suffrage and general amnesty. The President partially accedes to this proposition, but he insists upon constitutional grounds that the question of suffrage properly belongs to respective States, and is so far adverse to any action of Congress upon that subject. If assurances can be obtained from Southern leaders of the speedy adoption of universal suffrage the President will waive his objections. The proposed basis of settlement contemplates the abandonment of the constitutional amendment as a condition to Southern representation.

**NOBLE SENTIMENTS.**—Condemn no man says John Wesley, for not thinking as you think. Let every man enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you can not reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God the judge of all.

## Dry Goods.

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RICH SILKS, SATINS, DRESS GOODS, CLOAKS, SHAWLS, LACES, &c., &c.,

NO. 140 JEFFERSON STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Oct. 24th

## Miscellaneous.

BRYANT, STRATTON &amp; CARSON'S

BUSINESS AND TELEGRAPH COLLEGE,

South-west Corner Third &amp; Jefferson Sts.,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THIS College is a "link" in the great chain of Business Colleges known as "Bryant, Stratton & Carson's International Chain of Business Colleges," and now in successful operation in fifty cities of the United States and the Canadas.

This is the first and only successful "Chain of Colleges" ever established upon this continent, and is probably the largest educational enterprise in the world.

## SCHOLARSHIPS

are issued at the Louisville College, good to the holder for taking the course, or for review in fifty different cities.

## BOOKKEEPING.

with a complete analytical classification of accounting, BUSINESS WRITING, COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC, BUSINESS PRACTICE, FORMS AND USAGE, COMMERCIAL LAW, AND TELEGRAPHING, taught by efficient and experienced instructors, not only in theory and form, but illustrated and familiarized by actual operations calling them into use.

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